

*Foresters Songbook*

STATE COLLEGE OF IOWA.

Words by E. N. Wentworth  
Tune, "Believe Me"

State College of Iowa, we give to thee  
Our allegiance, the strength of our life:  
We'll follow thy mandates endeavoring to be  
True sons when engaged in world's strife.  
May the mem'ry of joys that now we must leave  
And the Triumphs of Cardinal and Gold  
Make lighter life's labor and victories won  
In thine honor, preceptress, be told.

Brightest star that shall ever illumine our sky  
Be our hope, be our strength and our shield;  
Though oft'times the dark clouds our bold courage may try,  
Alma Mater, thy sons will not yield.  
Light our paths, lead us on, make clearer our way;  
May thy glory or fame ne'er decline.  
OH! Iowa's queen, thou the fairest of all,  
Our hearts and our names link with thine.

IOWA STATE COLLEGE MARCHING SONG

Arranged by Miss Rosalind Cook, Music Dept.

Words by E. Don Dixon

Fight, Ames Fight! Fight, Ames Fight!

Fight for Ames with all your might!

For the glory of Old I. S. C.!

Swing along! Sing a song!

With a spirit big and strong!

And our fighters will win victory!

For it's Fight! Fight! Fight!!!

For the good Old I. S. C.!

Winning great glory and fame!

And where'er we go

They will always know

That our fighters are fighting for Ames!

I'D RATHER BE IN AMES.

Music from "Melody Magic," by Homer Huntoon.

Words by Harriet Schleiter

I'd rather be in Ames than in Nebraska;  
I'd rather be in Ames than in Cornell;  
Northwestern may be fine, but I prefer for mine  
My Alma Mater, Ames, every time!  
Some folks say that Iowa is the best place --  
Such good looking dames!  
But of all the places in this world for me,  
I'd rather be in Ames.

O SING ME A SONG OF IOWA STATE.

Words and Music by N. O. Plagge  
Popularized by A-M-E-S Quartet.

Oh sing me a song of Iowa State,  
Of glories yet untold  
Of battles fought and victories won  
Beneath the Cardinal and Gold.  
Nebraska has her numbers,  
And Iowa may be fine,  
But for your loyal friendship  
Give me Old Ames for mine.

Down under the hill, there is a little still,  
And the smoke goes curling to the sky.  
You can always tell, by the snuffle and the smell,  
That there's liquor in the air, close by.  
It fills the air with a fragrance rare,  
And 'tis only known to a few,  
So pucker up your lips and we'll take a little sip of the good  
old mountain dew.  
Of the good old mountain dew, of the good old mountain dew,  
As home we stroll, we'll have anothe bowl, of the good old  
mountain dew.

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Dancin' in the moonlight, a bright night, summer night in June,  
While Darkies are a hummin' and strummin' banjoes to a Dixie  
tune.  
Soon you'll find 'em dancin' and prancin' round the bales of  
cotton  
In the evenin' by the moonlight  
Down in dear old New Orleans.

On the old Fall River Line,  
On the old Fall River Line,  
I fell for Susie's line of talk, and Susie fell for mine,  
Then we went down to the parson's, and he tied us tight as  
twine --  
Then I wished, OH! Lord, I'd fell over board, on the old Fall  
River Line.

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There's a Quaker down in Quaker Town, when I'm around she sighs,  
But down in her heart I know, She's not so slow, for Oh, Oh,  
those eyes.  
Like the waters still, she's very deep, she knows a heap, I've  
found.  
She's got that meet me later look, and Oh, she knows her book,  
That little Quaker down in Quaker town.



I'm on my way to Mandalay, beneath the sheltering palms I long  
to stay.

Oh let me live and love for aye, On that island far away.

I'm sentimental for my Oriental, love so sweet and gentle,  
That's why

I'm on my way to Mandalay, I've come to say Goodbye!

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(Tune: "Yes, We Have No Bananas")

Yes! we wear our pajamas

In winter and springtime and fall,

We've short ones and long ones,

And right ones and wrong ones,

But summer styles beats them all.

'Cause when hot nights get too many,

We don't wear any;

But yes! we wear our pajamas

In winter and springtime and fall.



WHEN THE ORGAN PEELED BANANAS

(Tune: Silver Threads Among the Gold)

When the organ peeled bananas,  
Lard was rendered by the choir  
And the sexton rang the dish rag,  
Someone set the church on fire.  
"Holy Smoke" the preacher shouted;  
In the rush he lost his hair,  
Now his head resembles heaven,  
For there is no parting there.

STACK UP THE DISHES.

(Tune: Pack up Your Troubles)

Stack up the dishes on the old camp shelf,  
And smile, boys, smile;  
While we were eating we enjoyed ourselves,  
Smile, boys, that's the style.  
What's the use of washing them,  
Its hardly worth the while -- SO--  
Stack up the dishes on the old camp shelf  
And Smile - Smile - Smile.

LADIES

I've taken my fun where I found it;  
I've roved and I've ranged in my time;  
I've had my pickin' o' sweethearts,  
And four of the lot were prime.

One was a 'arf-cast widow,  
And one was a woman at Prone;  
One was the wife of a jenadarsais,  
And one was a girl at home.

I was a young un at Oogle,  
Shy as a maid to begin;  
Aggie de Castrer she made me,  
An' Aggie was clever as sin.  
Older than me, but my first 'un,  
Kind of a mother she were,  
She taught me the way to promotion and pay,  
And I learned about women from 'er.

Then I was ordered to Burmah,  
Acting in charge of bazaar,  
And I got me a tiny live heathen,  
Through buying supplies off her pa  
Funny and yellow and faithful  
A doll in a teacup she were,  
• And we lived on the square like a true married pair,  
And I learned about women from 'er.

Then I was shifted to Nemo,  
Or I might have been keeping her now;  
And I took to a shiny she-devil --  
The wife of a nigger at Warsaw.  
She taught me the gypsy folks' boley,  
Kind of volcano she were--  
For she knifed me one night,  
'Cause I wished she were white--  
And I learned about women from 'er.

Then I came home in a trooper,  
Long of a maid of sixteen;  
A girl from a convent at Merut,  
The straightest I ever have seen,  
Love at first sight was her trouble;  
She didn't know what it were,  
And I wouldn't do such,  
'Cause I loved her too much--  
An' I learned about women from 'er.

I've taken my fun where I found it,  
And now I must pay for my fun;  
For the more you have seen o' the others,  
The less you will settle to one.  
And the end of it's sittin' and thinkin'  
And dreaming Hell's fires to see,  
So be warned by my lot, as I know you will not--  
And learn about women from me.

ALOHA-OE

Proudly swept the rain cloud by the cliff  
As on it glided through the trees  
Still following with grief the liko  
The a hi-hi-le-hua of the vale.

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,  
Thou charming one who dwells among the bowers.  
One fond embrace, before we part,  
Until we meet again.

SWEET ANGELINE

Sweet Angeline, say you'll be mine.

At night, dear heart, for you I pine.

In all my dreams,

Your fair face seems;

You're the idol of my heart, sweet Angeline.

OLD BILL

O-h- there was an old man named Bill

A-n-d- he lived on the side of the hill.

A-n-d- he hasn't been sober since last October

A-n-d- I don't think he ever will.

IVAN PETROSKEY SKIVAR

There are heroes plenty, *Who fought in the ranks of*  
And some known to fame ~~in the ranks that belong to~~ *the Czar*  
But by far the most famous was one of the name  
Of Ivan Petroskey Skivar.

He could imitate Irving, *He could sing like Caruso*  
Tell fortunes by cards, *Both tenor or bass*  
And play on the Spanish guitar;  
Quite the pride and the boast of the Muscovite host  
Was Ivan Petroskey Skivar.

The sons of the Prophet  
Are valiant and bold,  
And quite <sup>accustomed</sup> to fear,  
But by far the most reckless of life and of limb  
Was Abdul the bull, bull, Emir.

If you wanted a man  
To encourage the van,  
Or harrass the foe in the rear,  
Or take a redoubt  
You would always send out  
For Abdul the bull, bull, Emir.

One day young Skivar  
Lighted up his cigar  
And donned his most truculent sneer,  
When he happened by chance to encounter the glance  
Of Abdul the bull, bull, Emir.

Said Abdullah, "Young man,  
Is existence so drear  
That you wish to end up your career?  
For Infidel know, you have trod on the toe  
Of Abdul the bull, bull, Emir."

"Then take your last look  
Upon mountain and brook,  
And make your remarks on the war,  
For I mean to imply you are going to die,  
Mr. Ivan Petroskey Skivar."

Then that brave Mameluke  
Drew his flashing chivook,  
And shouted, "In Allah ach war,"  
And ~~being upon murder bent, he went~~ <sup>said)</sup> *With murderous intent he most suddenly went*  
For Ivan Petroskey Skivar.



But scarce had his knife  
Extinguished his life,  
In fact, he was shouting, "Hurrah,"  
When he felt himself struck by that crafty Kalmuck  
Mr. Ivan Petroskey Skivar.

There's a grave in the land  
Where the Blue Danube flows,  
And above it in characters clear,  
"Oh, stranger, forget not to pray for the soul.  
Of Abdul the bull, Emir."

A Muscovite maiden  
Her vigil doth keep,  
By the light of her true lover's star,  
And the name that she murmurs so oft in her sleep  
Is Ivan Petroskey Skivar.

#### HICKORY LIMB

When Heinie waltzed round on his hickory limb,  
Hick, hick, hickory limb,  
Mary says, Heinie, you waltz on your peg  
Almost as well as you did on your leg.  
So Heinie waltzed 'round on his hickory limb  
Hick, hick, hickory limb.  
The crowd all got sore, he made dents on the floor,  
With his hick, hick, hickory limb.

THAT'S WHERE MY MONEY GOES

That's where my money goes,  
To dress my baby.  
I buys her everything,  
And keeps her in style,  
Well, Well, well,  
She's worth her weight in gold;  
My coal-black Venus--  
Say, boys, that's where my money goes.

THE HAMBURG SHOW

We're going to the Hamburg show,  
To see the elephant and the wild kangaroo  
And we'll all stick together  
In fair and stormy weather  
For we're going to see the whole show through.  
  
When we're going boys, etc.

ADIEU

There is a tavern in the town,  
In the town,  
And there my true love sits him down.  
And drinks his wine with laughter free  
And never, never thinks of me.

Refrain:

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,  
Do not let this parting grieve thee,  
For they tell me that the best of friends must part,  
Must part.

Adieu, adieu, kind friends  
Adieu, adieu, adieu,  
I can no longer stay with you,  
Stay with you,  
So, I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree  
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,  
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,  
And now my love once true to me  
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh, dig my grave wide and deep;  
Put tombstones at my head and feet;  
And on my breast just carve a turtle dove  
To signify I died of love.

ROLL THEM BONES.

Roll them bones, roll them bones,  
Roll them on the square.  
Roll them on the sidewalks,  
The streets, or anywhere;  
Roll them in the morning;  
Roll them in the night,  
We'll roll those bones the whole night long,  
While the cops are out of sight.

THE DUMMY DUM LINE

I'll tell you what that Dummy done  
He left Ypsilanti at half-past one,  
He left Ypsilanti at half-past one,  
He never reached Ann Arbor until  
the setting of the sun.

Chorus:

On the dummy--on the dummy, dummy line  
We'll ride and shine and pay our fine  
We'll ride and shine and pay our fine  
When riding on the dummy line--  
the dummy-dum line.

The conductor swallowed a nickel one day  
It drove him crazy, so they say,  
I'll tell you what it's all about  
He's a nickel in and a nickel out.

Little Willie all dressed in sashes,  
Fell on the fire and was burned to ashes  
By and by the room grew chilly,  
But nobody cared to stir up Willie.

Two little girls all dressed in white,  
Tried to go to heaven on a tail of a kite.  
The kite string broke and down they fell  
Instead of going to heaven,  
They went to hell.

Little Willie fell down the elevator,  
There they found him six months later;  
Held their nose and said "Gee-whiz,  
What a spoiled child our Willie is."

#### RUBINSTEIN

There was a man--named Rubinstein  
Hung three red shirts -- out on a line.  
A harlem goat -- was feeling fine,  
Ate those red shirts -- right off the line.  
Now Rubinstein got sore at that,  
And tied that goat to a railroad track.

This harlem goat - was doomed to die,  
For the express-- was passing by.  
He gave three aw-ful groans of pain.  
Coughed up those shirts -- and flagged the train.

LEVEE SONG

I had a girl, her name was Grace  
The devil take her pretty face,  
She led me to the sad disgrace  
Of working on the railroad.

Chorus:

I been wukkin' on de railroad  
All de live-long day;  
I been wukkin' on de railroad  
Ter pass de time away.  
Doan' yuhhyah de whistle blowin?  
Raise up so uhly in de mawn.  
Doan' yuh hyah de cap'n shoutin',  
"Dinah, blow yo' hawn?"

Dinah, won't you go, Dinah won't you go,  
Down on the banks of the O-h-i-o.  
Dinah, won't you go, Dinah won't you go,  
Down on the O-h-i-o--.

How I love those little yellow gals  
How I love those little yellow gals  
How I love those little yellow gals  
Down on the O-h-i-o.



Sing a song of city life, roll that cotton bale.

Nigger's ne'er so happy as when he's out of jail,  
Norfolk fo' its oyster shells,

Boston fo' its beans,

Charleston fo' its rice and cawn,

But fo' niggers New Orleans.

Slide Kelley slide, for Casey's at the bat.

Down went McGinty. Where the hell'd you get that hat?

In the evening by the moonlight :

The best of friends must part

Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

CHING CHING A-LING

When I was a student at Casey,  
I played on my Spanish guitar,  
It was there that I met a young lady,  
And soon I became popular.

Ching Ching A-Ling, Ching Ching A-Ling  
Fa-la-la-lee.  
Sweet were the words that she sang unto me,  
Ching Ching a-Ling, Ching Ching-A-Ling  
Fa-la-la-lee.  
I played on my Spanish guitar.

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How do you do, Professor ----,--  
How do you do -- how do you do,  
Is there anything that we can  
Do for you,--do for you?  
We'll do anything we can  
We'll stick by you to a man  
How do you do, Professor ----,--  
How do you do.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

I know her and she knows me,  
For she lives down in our alley.  
They call her La Belle Marie,  
But her right name is McNally,  
Her French ways are all a bluff,  
She's as French as Patty Duff  
I wonder where in hell she gets that stuff,  
She lives down in our alley.

I know her and she knows me,  
For she lives down in our alley;  
They call her La Belle Marie,  
But her right name is McNally.  
Paris hat and Paris clothes;  
High-heeled shoes and silken hose,  
But why should she turn up her nose,  
'Cause she lives down in our alley.

RAGTIME COWBOY JOE

Out in Arizona where the bad men are,  
And the only friend to guide you is the evening star,  
The roughest, toughest guy by far is the ragtime Cowboy Joe.  
He got his name from singing to the cows and sheep,  
Every night they say he sings the herds to sleep  
In a basso rich and deep, crooning soft and low.

He always sings ragtime music to his cattle  
As he swings, as he swings back and forth in his saddle,  
On a horse, on a horse, that's a syncopated gaiter.  
Such a funny meter to the roll of his repeater.  
How they run, how they run, when they hear the fellow's gun.  
For the western folks all know  
He's a Hi-fluting; heppin', shootin' sun-of-a-gun from Arizona  
Ragtime Cowboy, Ragtime Cowboy, Ragtime Cowboy Joe.

THE COW-PUNCHER'S LAMENT

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."  
These words came low and mournfully,  
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay  
On his dying cot at the close of day."

Chorus:

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,  
Where the coyotes howl so mournfully,  
And the rattle snakes hiss and the winds blow free.  
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."

Oh, I'd like to be in a mother's care,  
That a sister's tear might linger there.  
Beware my friends, take warning, pray;  
Don't leave your homes for the lone prairie.

By my father's bones let my grave be nigh,  
In the old church yard, on the one hillside  
Where my friends may come, and weep o'er me.  
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

It matters not, so I've oft been told,  
Where the body lies; where the heart grows cold  
But grant, oh grant, this dying plea,  
And bury me not on the lone prairie."

"Oh, bury me not", and his voice fell there,  
But they gave no heed to his dying prayer.  
In a narrow grave, just six by three,  
They buried him there on the lone prairie.

THE MODERN GIRL. (Tune: Old Gray Mare)

The Modern girl she ain't what she used to be  
Ain't what she used to be--Ain't what she used to be,  
The modern girl she ain't what she used to be,  
Many long years ago.  
She wears stylish skirts and foxy silk hose  
Paints her face and powders her nose,  
But she wouldn't change places with the girl and her  
Graces of,  
Girl and her graces of--Girl and her graces of  
But she wouldn't change places with the girl and her graces  
of  
Many long years ago.

CHAPARRAL SONG

In the land of Dolores where timber is tall,  
There are also brush patches thru which you must crawl.  
Some species are limber while others are stiff,  
But all will fly back at your head with a biff.

Chorus:

Oh, my, gee ain't it fine, to cruise all day long in that  
tall yellow pine;

Oh, gee, it ~~ain't very swell~~ <sup>is certainly Hell</sup>, to cruise all day long in  
that ~~old~~ <sup>damned</sup> chaparral.

There's the old Montezuma where there's blue brush and oak,  
Chinquapin dusty, - it sure is no joke.

We've wondered which kind is worst 'till we're thin,  
At last we've decided it's the kind that you're in.

We might ride the saddle of a ridge, could we stick;  
Or we might spear our grub with the fork of a creek,  
Or use a river bed to sleep in - use sawdust for mush.  
But we can't scrub our teeth on that ~~old~~ <sup>damned</sup> side hill brush.

I once met a ranger just outside my door,  
Say's he, "Where the hell, sir, have I seen you before".  
Says I, "Where'd you live when your home was in hell",  
Says he, "On that hill where it's all chaparral".



Now Sunday's for mending the clothes that we rip,  
And those that are dirty take a dip in the creek.  
But the main job of the day that's pursued by us all,  
Is to hunt for the ticks from that ~~old~~ <sup>damned</sup> chaparral.

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Oh, will she come from the East, where the Broadway breezes  
    blow,  
Or will she come from the North, from the land of ice and snow,  
Or will she come from the heart of the west, there's where  
    the sun goes to rest.  
Or will she come from the land of cotton, away down south?

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Down in jungle town a honeymoon is coming soon,  
Then there'll be a serenade for a pretty monkey maid,  
And, in jungle land the chimpanzees sing in the trees,  
She'll be true to monkey doodle doo, way down in jungle town.

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I'd like to be a friend of yours, M---And a little bit more,  
I'd like to be a pal of yours, M---And a little bit more,  
I'd like to be a little flower growing round your door,  
I'd like to give you everything I've got ~~MS~~and a little bit,  
M---and a little bit, M---and a little bit more.

I'd like to have a birch canoe, M---and a little bit more,  
I'd like to have a big round moon, M---and a little bit more,  
I'd like to have a girl like you, and I won't ask for more,  
For I'd have enough to satisfy me, M---and a little bit,  
M---and a little bit, M---and a little bit more.

I'd like to buy you a house and lot, M---and a little bit more,  
I'd like to buy your shoes and socks, M---and a little bit more,  
I'd like to buy you a big go-cart, for one, two, three, or  
four,

And I'd have enough to satisfy me, M---and a little bit,  
M---and a little bit, M---and a little bit more.  
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Adam was the first man, that ever was invented.  
He lived all alone and he never was contented.  
All night long you could hear him moan,  
I'm gettin' mighty tired of livin' alone.

Chorus:

Believe the story, believe the story I'm tellin' it to you,  
And you betcha life it's true,  
It ain't no humbug; it ain't no humbug; it ain't no humbug,  
I'm a tellin' to you.

Along came Eve with a basket of fruit,  
He winked at her, for she looked so cute.  
He took two apples and they both ate one,  
And that's just where the trouble begun.

Jonah was a mariner, so goes the Bible tale,  
He crossed the rolling ocean on a trans-Atlantic whale,  
In the belly of the whale, Jonah felt oppressed,  
So Jonah pressed the button and the whale did the rest.

Chorus:

David was a shepherd lad, a wiry little cuss,  
Along comes Goliath, looking for a fuss,  
David didn't want to fight, but when he saw he must,  
He picked up a pebble and he busted in his crust.

Chorus:

Satan was an angel before he went astray,  
He came home drunk one night, from a New York cabaret,  
Couldn't find the keyhole, so he rang St. Peter's bell,  
Old Pete looked out the window and shouted go to H\_\_\_\_\_.

Chorus:

Sampson was a strong man, so the story goes,  
Got himself a job with the Barnum Bailey shows,  
But Delilah feared the cooties so she shaved off his dome.  
Old Sampson grew his wool again and busted up her home.

Chorus:

BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL

Adam was the first man that ever was invented,  
He lived all alone and never was contented  
They made him out of mud in days gone by,  
And hung him on the fence in the sun to dry.

Chorus--

Young folks, old folks, everybody come,  
Join the Baptist Sunday School;  
You'll have lots of fun,

Please check your chewing gun and razors at the door,  
And you'll hear some Bible stories that you never heard before.

Along came Eve and they had a great battle,  
She put him up a tree and he knocked down an apple,  
He knocked down two and they each ate one,  
And ever since then the trouble has begun.

Along came Noah, stumbling in the dark,  
Found himself a hammer and built himself an Ark,  
In came the animals two by two,--  
The Hipojameramus and the Kil-kangaroo.

In came the elephant, in came the bear,  
In came the baboon without any hair;  
Forty days and forty nights they sailed upon the pond,  
Noah chucked the lioness out because she was a blonde.

Esau was a farmer of rude and hairy make,  
His father gave him a farm and help to brother Jake,  
But when he found the title to the farm wasn't clear,  
He traded it to Jacob for a pretzel and a beer.

David was a shepherd lad, a plucky little cuss,  
Along came Goliath, looking for a fuss,  
When he found he'd have to fight the man or bust,  
He picked up a cobble stone and beat him on the crust.

Jonah was an innigrant as thin as any rail,  
He came across the ocean in a trans-Atlantic whale,  
When he'd been there three days he began to feel oppressed,  
So he pressed on the button and the whale did the rest.

Daniel was a wise man, who wouldn't obey the king,  
The king thot this was a very funny thing,  
So he threw him in the dungeon and the lions were beneath,  
But Daniel was a dentist and he pulled the lion's teeth.

Daniel in the lion's den, looking very sad,  
For the lions had eaten all the clothes he ever had;  
But he fooled them in the end and it wasn't any bluff,  
The lions couldn't eat Daniel because he was too tough.

Samson was a strong man of John L. Sullivan's school  
Slew 50,000 Philistines with the jaw-bone of a mule.  
When he'd killed every guy that was in sight,  
He stepped down to Joe's and proceeded to get tight.

King Solomon was very wise--he ruled his people well;  
He wrote a book of proverbs but I guess they didn't sell.  
He was a dandy looker and I guess a Sunny Jim  
To get the Queen of Sheba to come fussing after him.

Now kind friends, we've given you all the dope,  
Given you lots of pleasure and done you lots of good, we hope,  
'Twas written by Methusulah when he was but a youth,  
We have it from the old boy and it's every word the truth.



-----  
His feet lie still in the stoney trail  
The dust on his ugly head  
I'll pull my pack from his scarred old back  
And swear that I am glad he is dead.

He's dead at last old Pedro's dead  
And I'm rid of his develtry  
But I wish the world didn't somehow seem  
So lonesome a place to me.

He loved to sing when I wanted to sleep  
With his strenuous hymn of praise  
He cut a gash in the quivering air  
That wouldn't heal up for days.

Just the same his voice was harsh  
He wasn't no nocking bird  
To hear his song, I would say it now  
Was the sweetest I ever heard.

Here is the place on his battered rump  
Where I walloped him with a stone  
And here is the place where I raised his bark  
With the limb of a dead pinon.

He earned them both, when he stole my flour  
And scattered my ruined pack  
He earned them both, the onery thief  
But I wish I could take them back.

His feet lie still in the stony trail  
All ragged around the edge  
All broke from hammering up the path  
And pounding across the ledge,

Poor patient feet, how many a year  
You've traveled these steep highways  
You've labored and toiled, for the man you served  
A curse and a blow for pay.

He's only a worn out old Jack I say  
But this I'd like to know  
What is it chokes when I swallow hard  
And hurts my buson so

Now isn't it strange, how little and weak  
He looks to me as he lies  
In the rocky trail, Oh-darn the dust  
How it gets in a feller's eyes.

I'll camp to-night in a lonely place  
Down on the Trinity  
Where the whimpering Indian graveyard owls  
Will sing in the Firs for me.

How I long for the bray of an old Jack ass  
When I hear that Coyote wail  
Calling his mate to the waiting feast  
High up on the T dot trail.

Good-bye old pard, I wish that you  
Could listen and hear me tell  
How I regret the million times  
I wish't that you were in hell.

But that was never the heart that spoke  
Sometimes I believe you knew  
And the heavenly fields, old faithful pard  
Ain't any too good for you.

When the Work is Done this Fall.

A jolly group of cowboys  
Discussing plans at ease  
One says I'll tell you something, something if you please.  
You see I am a cowboy, dressed in almost rags.  
I used to be a wild one and have taken on big jags.

I have a home boys, and a good one you know,  
Tho I haven't seen it since long, long years ago.  
My mothers heart is breaking, breaking for me that's all  
And with God's help I'll see her, when the work is done this  
fall.

That very same night this cowboy, he went out on guard,  
The night being darkened and storming very hard,  
The cattle they got frightened and a wild and mad stampede,  
And he in trying to check them, was riding at full speed.

Riding in the darkness, so loudly he did shout,  
He was doing his utmost to mill the herd about,  
When his saddle horse stumbled and on him did fall,  
And he'll not see his mother when the work is done this fall.

They picked him up gently and laid him on his bed,  
Poor boy was broke up, they thought that he was dead,  
Till he opened up his blue eyes and gazed all around  
And notioned to his comrades to sit near him on the ground.

Pete you take my saddle, Joe, you take my bed,  
Fred, you take my pistol after I am dead,  
Think of me kindly as you gaze upon them all  
For I'll not see my mother when the work is done this fall.

"Send her my money boys, my wages that I've earned,  
For I am afraid that my last steer I've turned,  
I'm going to a new range, I hear my Master's call  
And I'll not see my mother when the work is done this fall.

JUANITA.

My Juanita I must leave you  
I have come to say farewell  
They were standing near a ruin  
Where the somber shadows fell.

You will miss me Al-O-Mio  
For a day and then forget  
In this parting kiss I give you  
Juanita your eyes are wet.

Crying-Why my brave Juanita  
Do not grieve because I go  
I'm not worth it, that's a good girl  
"But Senor I love you so."

Love me-Why of course Juanita  
And I love you do not grieve  
"But Oh Senor if you do love me  
You would never, never leave

Don't be angry, Dulce Mio  
Now your cheeks like roses glow  
And your dark eyes flash like jewels  
Fairest maid in Mexico.

I didn't think a mild flirtation  
Would leave it's impress on your heart  
I return to wed a maiden  
Of my country, We must part..

One more kiss, I'll give you fifty  
Round her form his arms entwine  
They were standing near the ruins  
Almost hid by clustering vine

They have parted, now forever  
Juanita leaves the place alone  
In her eyes no tear drops glisten  
From her heart all love has flown

In the morning two vaqueros  
Paused to rest there in the shade  
For siesta sought the shelter  
That the clustering foliage made

Por Dios cried one Vaquero  
As he pulled the vines apart  
There lay un Americano  
With a dagger in his heart.

Tune: My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean

Last night as I lay on the prairie  
And looked at the stars in the sky  
I wondered if ever a cowboy  
Would drift to that sweet bye and bye.

Oh! the road to that bright mistie region  
Is a dim narrow trail so they say  
While the one that leads down to perdition  
Is posted and blazed all the way.

For they tell of another great roundup  
When cowboys like doggies will stand  
And be cut by the riders of judgement  
Who are posted and know every brand.

And I'm afraid there will be many a stray cowboy  
Get lost at that great fial sale  
When he might have gone into green pastures  
Had he known of that dim narrow trail.

For they like the cows that are loosed  
Stampede at the sight of a hand  
Get drug with a rope to the roundup  
Or get marked with some crooked man's brand.



For they tell of another great owner  
Who's ne'er overstocked so they say  
Who can always make room for the cowboy  
Who drifts from the straight narrow way.

And I'm afraid that I'll be a stray yearling  
A naverick unbranded on high  
And get out in the bunch with the rustics  
When the boss of the riders go bye

For they say that he never forgets you  
That he knows every action and look  
So for safety you better get branded  
Get your name in the big tally book.

HEART OF THE PRAIRIE, MARY

Out on the wild and wooly prairies, not far from old Pueblo town  
There lived a little girl named Mary, blue eyes and tresses  
of brown  
Unto her side there came a cowboy, He says please name our wedding day  
She drooped her head and whispered now boy.  
And on the pony they rode away.  
They rode away, one summer day.

Pride of the prairie Mary my own  
Hop up beside me ride to my home  
My hearts been lasooed, no more I'll roam,  
Pride of the prairie Mary.

Out on the prairie, day was breaking  
And all was silent on the plain,  
Unto his Mary he kept saying  
"Tell me you love me again"  
He held the bronco while she mounted,  
He asked her "May I steal a kiss,"  
He stole more than she ever counted,  
He says, "I love you,"  
He whispered this, and stole a kiss.

Pride of the prairie, Mary, my own  
Hop up beside me ride to my home  
My hearts been lasood, no more I'll roam,  
Pride of the prairie, Mary.

JOE MURPHY

I'm an old bachelor Joe Murphy's my name  
Living out west on a government claim  
Living out west on a government claim  
Where theres nothing to lose or nothing to gain  
Nothing to eat or nothing to wear  
And nothing from nothing my harvest is fair.

Cho. Hurrah for this country the land of the free  
Home of the prairie dog, bedbug and fleas.  
I'll sing of its praises and tell of its fame  
While living out west on a government claim.

Where houses are built from the natural sod  
The walls are erect according to hod  
The roof it is both natural and flat  
And when it rains we are sure to get wet

Cho.

How happy I am to sleep in my bed  
While the coyote will howl a tune at my head  
The gay centipede all harmless with fear  
Crawls over my pillow and down into my ear.

Chol

Farewell you claim holders I hope you all stay  
And chew on your hardtack till your toothless and gray  
But for myself no longer remain  
And starve to death on a government claim  
Farewell, you claim holders, farewell to the west,  
I'm going back east to the girl I love best,  
Going back east to marry me a wife  
And live on corn dodgers the rest of my life.

Cho.

TO HELL AND BACK AGAIN

There was a little farmer, who owned a large farm,

Fido-Fi-Diddle-Fi-Dum

There was a little farmer, who owned a large farm, and

he had no stock for to carry it on, with his twice

Fido-Fido-Fi-Diddle-Fi-Dum

So he hitched up a pig the side of a cow

Fido-Fi-Diddle-Fi-Dum

He hitched up a pig the side of a cow, the so! he turned

over, the Devil knows how, with his twice

Fido, Fido, Fi, Diddle, Fi Dum

The Devil come over the field one day,

Fido-Fi-Diddle Fi Dum

The Devil come over the field one day, says one of your

family I must take away with his twice,

Fido, Fido, Fi diddle, Fi dum

Surely then I am done,

Fido, Fi Diddle, Fi dum

Surely then I am done, the devil's come after my oldest son,  
with his twice, etc.

It isn't your oldest son I crave, etc.

It isn't your oldest son I crave, but your own dear wife I must take away with his twice, etc.

We'll take her away with all your heart, etc.

We'll take her away with all your heart, and live together and never part, with your twice, etc.

So he shouldered her all upon his back, etc.

So he shouldered her all upon his back, and went off to Hell just clickity clack, with his twice, etc.

He carried her up to old Hell's gate, etc.

He carried her up to old Hell's gate, and she killed two little devils with an old tin plate, with a twick, etc.

He carried her up two stories higher, etc.

He carried her up two stories higher, she pushed three little devils right into the fire, with her twice, etc.

Four little devils came rattling achain etc.

Four little devils came rattling a chain, she jerked off her slipper and knocked out their brain, with her twice, etc.

Two little devils creeped over the wall etc.

Two little devils creeped over the wall, said take her away Papa she'll murder us all, with her twice, etc.

So he shouldered her all upon his back, etc.

So he shouldered her all upon his back, and like an old fool went lugging her back, with his twice, etc.

Surely the women are worse than the men, etc.

Surely the women are worse than the men for they go to Hell and then come back again, with their twice, etc.

